

THE GETTYSBURG TIMES

Published Daily Except Sunday
Times and News Publishing Company
W. LAVERE HAVER, Editor
Secretary and Treasurer.

PHILIP R. BIKLE, President

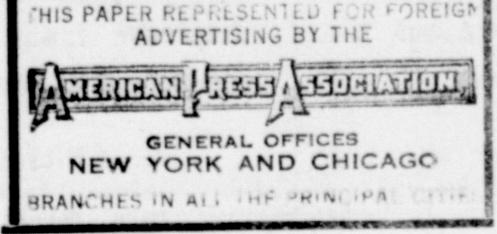
PHILIP R. BIKLE, Editor
SUBSCRIPTION Served by carrier in Gettysburg for 25 cents per month.
Mailed outside of Gettysburg for 25 cents per month.

RATES Single copies to non-subscribers, 2 cents.

If you receive THE TIMES by mail you can find the date up to which you are paid on the pink address label on your paper. The date will be changed within ten days after your money is received at the Times Office.

Entered August 15, 1904, at Gettysburg, Pa., as second-class matter, under Congress March 3, 1879.

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The corporal began a minute search.

poral threw open his coat and began a minute search. He found first a paper which he handed to Karchival, who gave it to his general.

"General Rosser will rejoin General Early with all the cavalry in his command," read the old warrior eagerly.

Gen. Corporal Dunn gave Karchival a small packet, which, when unwrapped, proved to contain a miniature picture.

"A portrait of Mrs. Haverhill!" mused the young officer with a start. He motioned the corporal to retire and, taking his place, asked Thornton in a low voice, "How did this portrait come into your possession?"

"That is my affair, not yours."

"Anything else, colonel?" called General Buckthorn, who had seated himself on the garden bench to pore over the captured dispatch.

"Nothing," answered Karchival, putting the miniature carefully away in his breast pocket.

"Curse you, you'll give that back to me yet," hissed Thornton, "and we have an old score to settle before I'm through. Don't think you are going to escape me so easily as this!"

"Corporal, take away your prisoner," was Karchival's only reply.

"Just as I thought," said General Buckthorn, reading. "The enemy has a big movement on foot. Listen to me: Watch for signal from Three Top mountain."

"We are still in hopes that we may be able to read that signal ourselves," said Karchival.

"Yes, I know. It is pretty near time for Barket to be back with some tidings of the expedition. Be on your guard here. I will speak with General Karchival and then ride over to General Wright's headquarters. Keep us informed."

"Longstreet! I feared that."

"12-22-1-12!" shouted the signalman.

"General Longstreet is coming!"

"Longstreet! I feared that."

"1-21-3!"

"With 18,000 men!"

"Longstreet with his corps!"

"2-22-11-1-12-1!"

"We will crush Sheridan's army!"

"Aha!" cried General Haverhill, stirred to deadly energy. "Now, men, signal that dispatch up the valley to our own station. Tell them to send couriers and catch Sheridan with it at Front Royal. They must catch him, so that he can hasten back with the cavalry Major Burton, order our horses. We will ride to General Wright's head quarters at once."

General Haverhill, while awaiting the horses, watched Captain Lockwood and his men lighting pine wood torches attached to long poles to flash their signals up the valley. Another minute and Barket returned with Robert Ellingham, the two supporting between them Karchival West, white faced and with his coat thrown open, a crimson stain on his shirt front.

"There, Bob, I'll be all right now," he was murmuring faintly. "It's only the loss of blood that upset me. I got a scratch of the knife, that's all."

"Go for a surgeon, somebody!" said Colonel Ellingham as they helped Karchival to the seat. "The fellow has knifed him. But they've got the wretched!"

"If he is in our cavalry I'll get him back for you, Gertrude. I'll give one of my own horses to the government or I'll buy him outright at any price

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"We were leaving the house together," explained Ellingham, "when this wild beast sprang out upon us from the right, where they were daintily expected. Sure, them rebels have no pother now."

"Do you mean to say our troops are falling back?"

"Well, sir, I did hear some cavalry galloping down the pike, but whether it was ours or theirs or only Mosby's gorillas, that I can't tell yet."

"Then I'll go and find out for myself!" Karchival cried fiercely, making a move into the hallway for his hat. The sudden exertion proved too much for him, and he sank into a chair clutching with one hand at his breast.

"Hark! There is the firing again, worse than ever, and it is coming nearer," said Gertrude, unconscious of a certain exultation in her tone. "If General Longstreet only has—I mean if he does."

"He can never drive General Sheridan back—or that I am certain," spoke up Madeline with unbroken spirit.

"Let us go—oh, pardon me, Gertrude—ladies—I beg," said Karchival, starting up, then at once seating himself again.

But they all had risen, as impatient as he was, and hurried out.

Karchival and Gertrude took the path up the elevation to where the big cottonwood tree overlooked the valley Jenny and Madeline lingered on the veranda.

"Go on, go on!" muttered Karchival instinctively feeling for his sword and looking loweringly in the direction from which came the roar of the guns. "Fight to a finish and have it over. Keep the battle to yourselves."

"Robert!" she cried. "I heard them calling for a surgeon. Who is hurt?"

"You are safe, aren't you—ah, Karchival!" With a scream she fell on her

and bring him back to you. Anything that is mine, dear Gertrude, you know?"

"Oh, thank you, my dear Karchival! I could almost!"

"Almost confess that—that you don't hate me?" he cried joyously, grasping her hand. "Oh, Gertrude, I have dreamed of a meeting like this. You are silent?"

"Karchival," she began, with pathetic half yielding—"oh, is this your whole regiment coming up?"

"It's the signalmen. Don't go, I command you!"

"I must go now, but I'll be back if you insist. I am your prisoner. Only don't read that letter for the world."

Before the signalmen reached the house Corporal Dunn came hurrying ahead of them to announce that his prisoner, Captain Thornton, had escaped.

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MAY CHECK LAW BY REFERENDUM

To Appeal to Californians to Halt Anti-Japanese Act.

UP TO GOVERNOR JOHNSON

The Assembly Passes Measure by Big Majority—Secretary Bryan Heading Home.

Sacramento, Cal., May 5.—The opponents of anti-Japanese legislation are banking strongly on the referendum to delay a crisis and give time for amicable adjustment with Japan.

The Webb bill, passed by the assembly with a big majority, is in Governor Johnson's hands. He will probably sign it.

A referendum petition would require 20,000 signatures before the law could be temporarily nullified, pending an election. The matter could not be submitted to the people until the fall of 1914, a delay of nineteen months, in case the proposed referendum petition gained enough signatures.

Representatives of the board of directors of the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco have intimated that the board might foster a movement to invoke the referendum against any anti-alien bill that might be passed. Recently the exposition company has been joined by several commercial and trade bodies in the larger cities, who fear Japan will levy re-prisals upon California by abrogating present business relations.

As Secretary Bryan concluded his mission with a message of farewell to the joint session of the two houses, he gave renewed assurance of the friendly interest and co-operative attitude of the national administration toward the peculiar problems of California, transmitting the president's latest criticism of the bill and re-hearing against those objections already made public. In reply Senator Gates, speaking for the state, said:

"This legislature appreciates the honor that has been done to this state by the visit of the secretary of state. We realize that his coming to co-operate with us marks an era in American politics. It brings the federal government into close touch with the individual states.

"On the part of the legislature I wish to express our profound appreciation and gratitude for the interest taken by the national government in a problem confronting the state of California, and to assure the president that, even if we may differ with him, we do it with the profoundest respect for his opinions and those of the secretary of state. And if we feel impelled to depart from that advice, we do it with respect for that advice.

"I propose and desire on the part of this legislature to thank the president and his secretary for their assistance, and I express the hope that this visit may be a forerunner of further activity by the national government in assisting the states in their work."

Secretary Bryan in his address voiced the president's opinion that the words "eligible to citizenship" substituted in the California attorney general's draft of the alien land measure for the words "ineligible to citizenship" were equally discriminatory and, therefore, objectionable to Japan. If a law must pass, he urged that it be limited in its operation to two years, in order that meanwhile diplomacy might so improve the international situation that re-enactment by the next legislature would be unnecessary.

This suggestion, which had not yet reached the president, he said, was made "for the consideration of those who have yet to act upon the subject."

SUICIDE PLANNED FUNERAL

Girl Hangs Herself in Abandoned House; Tired of Life, Note Said.

Huntingdon, Pa., May 5.—The second suicide in this county inside of twenty-four hours occurred when the body of Miss Mary E. Mosser was found in the attic of an abandoned farm house a quarter of a mile from the farm of her father, William L. Mosser, a well known fruit grower, along the Raystown branch, five miles from Huntingdon.

Leaving a note for her father, saying she was tired of life and giving in detail plans for her funeral and how she wanted to be dressed for her burial, she fastened a chain over the attic rafter, put a noose attached to the chain around her neck and kicked a bushel peach basket from under her. She had been dead two hours when found.

SIX CHILDREN DROWNED

Hired a Rowboat Without an Adult Accompanying Them.

Boston, May 5.—As the result of a boating tragedy in which six children lost their lives the police are conducting an investigation as to how it happened that eight children were allowed to hire a boat in the Charles river without an adult accompanying them.

It is also claimed that the boat that was hired with pennies contributed by the children had a rotten plank bottom that would have caused an older person to reject it as unsafe, and that the sinking of the boat was caused by this plank breaking under the foot of one of the drowned girls.

The only two rescued were John Walker and Anthony Myneskey, of Cambridge. They are both to be questioned by the police. The police have only recovered three of the six bodies.

Breaks Woman's Broad Jump Mark. Lynchburg, Va., May 5.—Miss Dorothy Cure, of Roanoke, Va., cleared 15 feet 2 1/4 inches on a running broad jump in the annual athletic meet at the Randolph-Macon Woman's college, making what is claimed to be the world's record for women in that event.

BRYAN AND JOHNSON.
Secretary of State and Governor
In Contrasting Moods.



RICH MEN'S SONS WORK AS MINERS

H. S. Vanderbilt and G. F. Baker, Jr., Filled Coal Car.

WORE REGULATION GARB

Young Millionaires Spent a Night Digging Coal and Loading in Wilkes-Barre Colliery.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., May 5.—Miners in this city are still discussing the unusual gift displayed by Harold S. Vanderbilt and George F. Baker, Jr., the young millionaires, who worked a shift in the Truesdale mine of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western company, at Nanticoke, last Wednesday night.

The workmen only learned the identity of the young men, who as miner and laborer, cut enough coal to fill a regulation car, Saturday, when officials told them.

Young Vanderbilt and Baker, the latter a son of one of the biggest financial men in America, accompanied Vice President E. E. Loomis, of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, on a tour of the road and mines. Both wore overalls, blouse, cap and lamp and gloves common in the mining region.

Mr. Loomis taught them how to dig into the coal lodes and left them to toil for several hours. They filled the car with the coal hewn out by their own hands and left the mine about 1 o'clock Thursday morning, after five hours underground.

Vanderbilt is a son of William K. Vanderbilt, and is a graduate of Harvard. While in college he was popular as an athlete, as he was a member of the Cercle Francais. He was assistant manager of the Varsity eleven for a year.

In July of 1907 young Vanderbilt caused a great deal of alarm by getting lost on his sloop yacht Trivia between New London, Conn., and the Jamestown exposition. He and his party were missing ten days before they put in an appearance at Old Point Comfort, Va.

In 1903 and several times since then young Vanderbilt was the center of interest again. This was caused by a rumor that he was engaged to marry Miss Eleanor Sears, a tennis enthusiast and a devotee of many other outdoor sports.

SAVE WOMAN FROM MOB

Officials Avert Lynching by Friends of Man She Slid.

Crown Point, Ind., May 5.—Mrs. Grace Smith, who shot and killed Clarence Murphy at Gary last Wednesday night, escaped a threatened lynching at the hands of friends of the slain man by the aid of Mayor Knotts and Chief of Police Neuman of Gary, who brought her to Crown Point in an automobile.

Murphy was a popular member of the Gary local of the Switchmen's union, and when members of the order learned that it was proposed to take his slayer to the county seat they held a meeting, at which it was determined to lynch her, or at least to give her a coat of tar and feathers. The mob made no secret of its purpose and determined to lay in wait for the interurban car on which it had been in contact with the patients treated.

"Strangely enough, in many cases where we have expected a cure, there has been little or no improvement while several patients whom we did not believe had a chance for recovery are progressing nicely or have entirely recovered."

One of the most remarkable cures registered by the serum in Pittsburgh is that of James Aitkenhead, of 502 Second street, North Side. Two weeks ago Aitkenhead was taken to Dr. Held's office in an automobile, and he had to be assisted from the car. On his second trip, three weeks later, he went in the street car. The third trip to see Dr. Held was made by Aitkenhead alone, and part of the way on foot. He declares he is cured, and several physicians have admitted that he is rapidly regaining his normal health.

To outwit the mob the mayor and the chief of police left Gary with the prisoner over a road at a safe distance from the street car line. They were armed with rifles and pistols and followed by several automobiles full of curious persons. The change of route deceived the mob, and the trip was without incident.

TWO GO OVER DAM TO DEATH

Third Saved Near Reading By Clinging to Tree Limb.

Reading, Pa., May 5.—Two men were drowned and a third had a narrow escape when a boat containing three fishermen swept over the breast of a dam in the Schuylkill river near Klapenthal.

The dead are: Matthew Pawling, aged forty years; Anthony Lemmer, forty-five years old.

Harry Luebka, thirty-five years old, saved himself by clinging to the projecting limb of a tree until he was rescued by other fishermen.

High Value on Woman's Love.

Trenton, N. J., May 5.—For his wife's affections Frederick C. Mansfield brought suit in the supreme court against John E. Shepherd for \$100,000. Mansfield charges Shepherd with having Mrs. Mansfield from him last February and maliciously convincing her that she did not care for her husband. He asks damages for the destruction of his social standing and happiness.

Takes Four Poisons to Die.

Fargo, N. D., May 5.—David L. Sund had to be chiseled loose.

Rochester, Pa., May 5.—Anthony Rosowski may never have his statue perpetuated in bronze, but he will always remember the day that he fell asleep on his neighbor's freshly cemented steps.

Anthony came home the other evening heavily burned within and without, and his load was too much for him to bear. The tired man, thinking he had reached the threshold of his own door, sat down and fell asleep.

The night air was cool and soothing.

Anthony slept there till daylight, and he would still be there had it not been for the timely assistance of his neighbors, who hurried in response to his cries when he found that the cement had hardened overnight and that it was essential that he be loosened from his stony prison.

Picks and chisels were brought and Anthony was liberated, but not before the steps were ruined, and now the neighbor wants damages for the injury to his property.

Pope Daily at His Tasks.

Rome, May 5.—Pope Plus continues to progress in his recovery of his

WILLIAM B. WILSON.

Secretary of Labor Organizes His Department.



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LABOR DEPARTMENT GOING

Secretary Wilson Appoints His Clerical Assistants.

Washington, May 5.—Secretary Wilson organized the clerical force of the department of labor, appointing Robert Watson of Lowell, Mass., chief clerk; George C. Box, Buffalo, N. Y., disbursing clerk; Hugh L. Kerwin, of Wellsboro, Pa., private secretary, and Samuel Gompers, Jr., son of the president of the American Federation of Labor, chief of the division of public

HALF RESPOND TO NEW SERUM

No Settled Results From Tuberculosis Cure.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 5.—That 50 percent of the cases treated by himself and other physicians with the tuberculosis serum he received from Dr. Florokowski have yielded to treatment was the statement made by Dr. Austin B. Held, the first practitioner to use the Friedmann serum in this country.

Dr. Held, however, frankly admitted that he had been puzzled by developments in many cases after he had used the serum. He said: "My experience with the serum, covering four months, has fully satisfied me in some cases, while in the others I have been at a loss to understand the results, or rather the lack of them. Taking the cases treated by myself and other physicians to whom I sent the remedy, will go on record as saying that the serum has fully cured about 50 percent of the patients treated."

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while several patients whom we did not believe had a chance for recovery are progressing nicely or have entirely recovered."

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COW BEATS HORSE IN RACE

Bossy Outstrips Pacer on Track and Owner Wins \$24.

New Richmond, Wis., May 5.—To settle a controversy of long standing as to their racing ability, a contest between a cow and a racing mare, owned by rival hotelkeepers in this city drew a big crowd to the fair grounds.

The cow is the property of Anthony Meath, proprietor of the Commercial house, and the horse is owned by George Cranston of the National hotel.

The horse either was to trot or pace, the cow to go as she pleased. It was to be once around the half-mile track, standing start. The cow was a safe winner. Colonel Meath's winning aggregate was \$24.

The first observer of the fad said

nothing about it, thinking that his eyes had played him a trick. But when on the following afternoon he saw the same performance in three different automobiles he began to take it seriously. He watched again, and on successive days was rewarded—or shocked—by the unusual spectacle.

Otherwise the behavior of the young women appeared to be excellent in every respect. He never saw them smoking when accompanied by members of the other sex. When alone the girls just sit back quietly in their machines and puffed at their slender white cigarettes as though they were following a custom set by their grandmothers. They appeared utterly oblivious that they were creating consternation in the breasts of the suburban residents.

In most cases the smoking parties

are composed of four to six girls

with one of them driving. It is said

that several of them have been re

ported to their families and that stern

parental scolding is being tried.

They Taste Good as we serve them

Chocolate Paste Sundae 5c

Chocolate Nut Sundae 5c

Crushed Peach Sundae 5c

Fresh Strawberry Sundae 5c

Marshmallow Sundae 5c

Pineapple Sundae 5c

STRAWBERRY ROYAL 10c

Limeade 5c Lemonade 5c

Phosphates 5c Grape Juice 5c

Claret Lemonade 5c

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Pineapple Sundae 5c

STRAWBERRY ROYAL 10c

Limeade 5c Lemonade 5c

Phosphates 5c Grape Juice 5c

Their Mutual Confession

By EDITH V. ROSS

When Tom Ashworth and Emma Treat's engagement was announced everybody said "That'll be a case of Mr. and Mrs. Devil." The remark didn't mean that either of them had been convicted of theft, murder or bigamy. It meant that Tom was a man of the world and would never do for a superintendent of a Sunday school, and that Emma had been engaged half a dozen times not emerging from any of her betrothals with a clear record for having treated her fiance honorably. Not that she thought she had treated him dishonorably. It was simply that she had no conscience in such matters.

One evening after she had become engaged to Tom Ashworth and while he was calling upon her she said:

"Tom, I have been told by my friends that you have the worst record of any man in society. I wonder if after all I will be safe in marrying you."

"That's very singular."

"What's singular?"

"Why, a friend of mine when I announced my engagement to you exclaimed, 'For heaven sake, you're not going to take that are you? And when I asked for an explanation he said 'Any man who has made love to her has before he got through danced in bare feet on a hot stove!'"

"The horrid wretch, to say such a thing!"

She thought a bit, then with a very serious air said:

"This is not a flirtation between you and me—

"It's the real thing."

"Now, I think it best before taking a step that is very difficult to back out of that we know the worst about each other. Let us make a clean breast of it; then if after being married we hear anything detrimental to each other we'll know just what it means."

"That's a good idea."

"Well, then, suppose you begin?"

"Why not you?"

"It's the lady's privilege to—"

"Confess last?"

"Man is always supposed to defer to woman."

"Certainly. I wouldn't think of going through a doorway before you. And on the same principle I'm willing that you should confess first. However, since you insist upon it, I will. Where shall I begin?"

"I would like to have you tell me just what sin lies heavy on your conscience."

"Well, to begin with, once while in the country I went to a corn husking. My companion, a pretty girl with red lips, wouldn't find a red ear, so I borrowed one and kissed her."

"The first time you met her! How shocking! They have horrid ways in the country. Well, go on."

"That affair of mine with Miss Turner you may have heard about was all made out of whole cloth. Nothing in it whatever."

"I have heard of that to your discredit, and I'm very glad to have you as sure me that you were not at fault in the matter. Go on."

"I once won \$5 gambling."

"How? Where? At what game?"

"At a friend's house. We were a party of six."

"Anything else?"

"I once got tipsy, but there was something in the punch we drank that made us all sick."

"You should have been ashamed of yourself. Go on. Tell me the rest."

"I can't think of anything more just now. If I recall anything very bad I'll tell you. Oh, yes. I once was weak enough to allow a married woman to squeeze my hand."

"Good gracious! Come, bring it all out. Don't be afraid. I am forgiving you, you know."

"That's every bit of it. Now it's your turn. Remember, don't leave a weak spot behind you. Tell it all."

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid you'll turn against me when you hear the many things of which I've been guilty. Not that any of them are so dreadfully bad either, but you men are so particular about the women you marry."

"You never committed bigamy, did you?"

"No, indeed. What made you think of such a thing?"

"Nor robbed a married woman of her husband?"

"Heavens, no."

"Did any man commit suicide because you threw him over?"

"You awful thing to ask me such a question."

" Didn't a divorced man once get a license to marry you?"

"If you accuse me of any more such horrid crimes I'll break our engagement."

"I have heard that you once went to a students' ball in Paris dressed in a very negligee costume."

"It wasn't a students' ball at all. It was a very respectable affair given by the Parisian artists. I represent—"

"Never mind what you represented. Go on with your confession."

"Well, there's one thing—just one. I think you should know. Once when I was very young a young fellow blew out the lights and—"

"What?"

"Kissed me."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Every teeny, weeny little thing."

"I knew you were absolutely pure and innocent," he said. Biting her face and kissing her lips.

"A Generous Rebuke."

Nicholas Wain, one of the great men of the time described in "The Colonial Houses of Philadelphia and Its Neighborhood," had a wit as whimsical as a Lamb's, although there was less of it. Annoyed by repeated degradations upon his woodpile, he bought a cart load of wood and sent it to the offender.

"Friend," was the courteous explanation that accompanied the wood. "I was afraid thee would hurt thyself falling off my woodpile."—Youth's Companion.

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

The Story of a Martinet Colonel, a Captain and a Sword.

The colonel of an English regiment, a rigid martinet, is sitting at the window of his room when, looking out, he sees a captain crossing the barrack yard toward the gate. Looking at him closely, he is shocked to observe that the rules and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, the captain does not carry a sword.

"Captain," he calls from the window. "Hi, captain, step up to my room for a moment, will you?"

The captain obeys promptly, borrows a sword of the officer of the guard, the guardroom being at the foot of the stairs, and presents himself to the colonel in irreproachable dress.

The colonel is somewhat surprised to see the sword in its place and, having to invent some pretext for calling his subordinate back, says, with some confusion: "Beg your pardon, captain, I've forgotten what it was I wanted to speak to you about. However, it can't have been very important. It'll keep. Good morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and is making his way across the barrack yard, where he again comes within range of the colonel's vision.

The colonel rubs his eyes, stares, says softly to himself: "How in thunder is this? He hasn't a sword to his waist?" then calls aloud: "Captain! Hi, captain! One moment, please!"

The captain returns, borrows the sword again, mounts the stairs and enters the colonel's presence. His commanding officer stares at him intently. He has a sword; he sees it; he hears it clank.

"Captain," he stammers, growing very hot. "It's ridiculous, you know, but—hal-ha—I'd just remembered what I wanted to say to you, and now—hal-ha, it's gone out of my head again! Funny, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha!" Losing his memory. Never mind, I'll think of it and write you. Good morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and makes for the gate. As he crosses the barrack yard the colonel calls his wife to his side and says, "See that officer out there?"

"Yes."

"Has he got a sword on?"

The colonel's wife adjusts her eyeglass upon him, scans him keenly, and says, "He hasn't a taste of a sword."

The colonel: "That's just where you fool yourself. Yes, he has."

Trials.

Trials teach us what we are. They dig up the soil and let us see what we are made of; they just turn up some of the ill weeds on to the surface.—Spartacus.

A Quick Answer.

An English tourist was sightseeing in Ireland, and the guide had pointed out the Devil's gap, the Devil's peak and the Devil's leap to him. "Pat," he said, "the devil seems to have a great deal of property in this district."

"He has, sir," replied the guide; "but, sure, he's like all the landlords—he lives in England."

Spoiled Effect.

The story is told of the late Mr. Auguste Van Biene that once as he was going on the stage his manager handed him change for a twenty pound note that he had wanted cashed. The money was in gold, and the actor slipped it into his pocket and hurried on to take his call.

In the course of his part he had to speak the line, "I am penniless—

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Verdi as a Politician.

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For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agent for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

And He Was Cruel to Her.

Lawyer I think I can get you a divorce, madam, for cruel and inhuman treatment, but do you think your husband will fight the suit? Woman-Fight! Why, the little shrimp doesn't even come into a room where I am!

Truth Seeker

I AM PENNLESS!"

am penniless!" and raise his handkerchief to his eyes to wipe away the tears.

Unfortunately he forgot all about the handkerchief he had just stuffed in his pocket, and when at the second "I am penniless!" he pulled out his handkerchief a shower of gold came with it. The pieces rolled all over the stage. Verdi stood staring at them in amazement while the audience howled with laughter.

An Invalid's Craving.

Speaker Champ Clark has a friend who struck Washington in bad health and without funds. He became so ill that Mr. Clark sent him to a hospital. A few days later the speaker received this letter from the invalid:

Dear Champ—I am much better. Please bring me some magazines. Please bring me the makin's, bag of tobacco, and book of cigarette papers. Please bring me some of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

P.S.—Please bring me a pie.

—Washington Star.

Scours in Lambs.

Garget in the ewe is claimed to be the cause of white scours in the lamb. This is prevented by milking from the udder daily the milk not required by the lamb. To cure scouring in lambs give eight to ten drops of tincture of opium in a little milk. If the lamb lies about and appears dull instead of playful, one may suspect constipation, which often kills these delicate creatures.

To relieve it inject into the rectum a tablespoonful of warm, soapy water in which is a very little olive oil.

PECULIAR HORSES.

They Have Little Hair and Eat Butter and Sugar With Flour.

The greatest peculiarity of the Turkoman breed of horses is their hairlessness. They have naturally very little mane, and what they have is always carefully cut off. Their skin is very soft and thin. Colonel Stewart in "Through Persia In Disguise" tells of the great care taken of these animals.

They are never stabled, but picketed in the open. They are, however, warmly clothed. First the Turkoman puts over his animal a thick felt body covering of the size that an English horse wears. Over this he fastens an immense piece of felt that covers the horse's ears and his whole body down to his hocks. This clothing he keeps in place with a long roller, which is passed three times round the horse's body.

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The Turkomans feed their horses when in camp on barley or chopped straw and give them flour and sheep's tail fat or clarified butter when they are going to call on them for great exertion. I myself in India have often given my horses a pound each of flour and coarse sugar and half a pound of clarified butter made into balls when I have ridden them far and wanted them to go on again. The horse easily digests this ration, and he is ready to start sooner than if a feed of corn is given him. It is also supposed to give great strength.

Turkomans give their horses almost anything they eat themselves. Although hardly in respect of food, the horses require a good deal of care as to clothing, for fine coats and delicate skins make them very susceptible to colds.

LEADERS OF MEN.

It is by Success That They Attain Prestige and Power.

As soon as a certain number of living beings are gathered together, whether they be animals or men, they place themselves instinctively under the authority of a chief.

As enthusiasm becomes inflamed it happens most often that the then leader is he who started as one of the led.

He has himself been hypnotized by the idea whose apostle he has since become. It has taken possession of him to such a degree that everything outside it vanishes, and every contrary opinion appears to him an error or a superstition. In time by affirmation, repetition and contagion great power is given to his ideas, and he acquires that mysterious force known as prestige.

Every successful man, every idea that forces itself into recognition, censes ipso facto to be called in question.

The proof that success is one of the principal stepping stones to prestige is that the disappearance of one is almost always followed by the disappearance of the other. The hero whom the crowd acclaimed yesterday is, in suited today should be overtaken by failure. The reaction indeed will be the stronger in proportion as the prestige has been great.—Le Bon to "The Crowd."

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